It may be just a fancy, but I have long wondered whether James Madison did not have something to do with suggesting that the Canadian border be unfortified, a fact which is the most important single feature of America's foreign policy. The basis of this hint as to the origin of that idea lies in the fact that Madison and John George Jackson, who made the motion in Congress that there be no fleets nor forts on the Canadian border, married sisters. Let me remind you, young ladies, that Madison had a jewel of a wife, Dolly Madison. The sisters were of a family of Friends, the Paynes. Was the idea original with Jackson, or was it perhaps suggested by Madison on the prompting of one of these two Quaker ladies? That is a piece of research that I leave to some student of this College to delve into at her leisure.

It should be emphasized that Madison's first public utterance was for religious liberty. It came about in this wise. When George Mason read his Virginia Bill of Rights to the Convention in Williamsburg in 1776, Madison, then just returned from Princeton, arose and questioned the use of the word 'toleration,' declaring that Virginians desired religious liberty,—something quite different. Throughout his public career, he remained a staunch supporter of religious freedom, and his name should be linked with those of Roger Williams and Thomas Jefferson in securing this boon for mankind. I suggest that some one of you make a study of Madison's dealings with John Leland; for perhaps we owe, in no small degree, to the coöperation of these two men the guarantee in the Constitution of the rights of conscience.

You will note that I have come to the end of this address without once alluding to the fact that Madison was Secretary of State, and twice President of the United States. Evidently, Virginia Presidents, in writing their epitaphs, have a flair for omitting any reference to that item. As this was true of Jefferson, so it may be of Madison. It is sufficient for this College, which will perpetuate his name in an honorable way, to remind its students that he was "The Father of the Constitution." You will agree with me that no office which a man may have held adds anything to this creative act. And yet Madison would be the first, if he were here, to speak up and say this his Constitution was not a creation, but only a skilful adaptation of the political experience of the British and Americans, from Magna Charta and beyond, to the novel conditions which he faced in this new world.

SAMUEL CHILES MITCHELL

THE ESSENCE OF SCHOLARSHIP

TO one who seeks an accurate and discriminating definition a dictionary is of doubtful value. One may find in its dozen or more varied uses of well-known words the formal set that conveys factual ideas of the significance of the word in question. But words have connotations, they call up associations, they are the embodiments of past struggles, of present theories, of ardent aspirations. Are there any two people who have the same mental picture of such words as "creed," "church," "party," "justice," or any word outside of the technical terms of the exact sciences?

The definition of the word "scholarship" which seems to fit into our discussion is "accurate and well-disciplined learning, especially in the liberal studies." Perhaps every word in this definition has a different subjective value to each of us. But nevertheless our task in this discussion is primarily to define scholarship. One of the recognized methods of approach is the establishment of those things which are not scholarship, however much they may add to scholarship. The scholar has knowledge, he must have it, but it does not make him a scholar until he has organized it, has evaluated it, has related it to the past, present,

and future, of the field in which he is working, whether that field be biology or biography. Not even a factual knowledge of law, in its scientific sense, is scholarship. A mechanic knows the formula under which a natural law works, a scholar sees the doctrine or theory of how or why it works; an unskilled laborer can lay off a right angled corner to a tennis court, a mathematician sees the relation between the three-foot, four-foot, and five-foot lines used in laying it off.

Undoubtedly, as has already been said, research, deep research, is essential to scholarship. Only the one who has gone to the bottom of some subject, who knows what it means to follow up each lead until all available knowledge has been sifted, only the one who can say of some detail, however small, "I know," only that one has taken the first step toward knowledge. And then, who knows, it might be of value someday. We might want to know who Chaucer's wife's mother was; there are people who want to know the names of the three men who captured Major Andre.

But it is crude thinking to believe that the man who knows facts is therefore scholarly. There is a world of truth in the cynical definition that "copying from one old dusty book is plagiarism, copying from three is research." It takes more than wood to make period furniture, it takes more than facts to make ripe scholarship.

Nor is what we call "productive scholarship" necessarily the hallmark of a scholar. Almost any publisher will print and list a monograph if the writer will guarantee the costs of publishing. Again the cynic has his day: "Productive scholarship is making excerpts from four books which have never been read into a fifth which will never be read." Of course the scholar will publish, but it will be because his love and enthusiasm for truth drive him into print with a new statement or a new facet on the gem of knowledge. But, alas, sometimes it is the *cacoethes scribendi*, the yen for one's name in type; sometimes it is a college administration's condition of reappointment. Some of us know of the young man who recently wrote his last monograph in two slightly different versions because his college required him to publish something each year.

The scholar writes because he has something that must be written, not because he must write something. Most of us know when we are bored by the man who has to say something; on the other hand, we will go far to hear the man who has something to say.

And with some degree of temerity I venture that scholarship is not pedantry. That dictionary serves me better this time. It says a pedant is "a person with book learning or the like who lacks ability or judgment to make proper use of his knowledge; one who makes a display of mere erudition; one who emphasizes trivial details of learning, etc.; or who is devoted to formal matters of scholarship." Somehow I think Noah Webster, or his successor, put his heart into that definition and enjoyed writing it. For we are living in the age of pedants, those who really believe that erudition is scholarship.

One of that ilk recently fell afoul of Kipling's line "the tumult and the shouting dies" because he had just discovered that it had a plural subject and a singular verb. He rewrote the couplet into dull mediocrity (if the classic scholars would just let us believe that the *pedant* has a *pedestrian* mind, but no, it is a childish mind!). Of course he was wrong because your English scholar, not the pedant, knows that after "and the" the verb may agree with the last of two subjects. But then I have always found that when the pedant writes his corrections, with ink, into a handsomely bound book, he is usually wrong. It was a pedant who found in my copy of Marquis James's *Life of Andrew Jackson* a sentence referring to Jackson's Greek Campaign—and corrected it, again in ink. It would be of

some interest to know that pedant's mind, if that is what you call his tool for laborious mediocrity. Probably even the pedant would surmise that after I, or some other reader, had read an even 660 pages it would be clear that Andrew Jackson was not contemporary with Pericles, or even Lord Byron, but the pedant is not seeking to inform me; he is seeking, as Mr. Webster says, to make a display of his own erudition. Edman, in his delightful *Philosopher's Holiday,* says, "I have seen youthful lovers of literature turned into pedants, some of them now quite perfected in academic circles." After all, it was not Sir Isaac's observation of the falling apple and his calculation of its speed that gave us a new outlook; it was his attempt to find what it meant. No amount of accurate observation and precise classification ever made a scholar; it was his reflection, his inspired imagination, his interpretation that made over the erudite investigator into a ripe scholar. And then he was no longer a pedant.

Professor Edman also suggests that every teacher must be a philosopher, but says that this is not the same as being a teacher of philosophy. Philosophy in its very etymology is the love of wisdom, and after all that is what scholarship is, the love of wisdom rather than of knowledge. All of us were told in childhood, some of us are now learning, that "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." The lurking danger that waylays teachers is that their ideas harden into doctrines and no one can teach what he knows; he is then merely drilling on rote work, he can teach only when he is learning. What dawned on John Dewey's best students was that he was not handing them his doctrine, he was thinking before them and with them; and a few, a precious few, learned to think with him.

A man is great in the field of scholarship, not because he has technic but because he thinks great thoughts and somehow inspires other people to think with him. Professor John Baillie, of Union Theological Seminary, said of his school days: "Since then I have made acquaintance with a kind of schoolmaster who is greatly skilled in the mechanics of his profession and knows all there is to know up to the very *dernier cri* in pedagogical theory about how to teach—but who has little or nothing to impart. Of this kind of dominie it can truly be said that if only he knew anything, his pupils would in time come to know it also."

A scholar is not one who knows all the answers; it is not every time that your greatest scholar in modern languages is a Swiss waiter.

Perhaps it is carrying coals to Newcastle to suggest that the ability to make a flippant comment on every possible subject is hardly scholarship. It has been said of an international Irishman whose wit exceeds his manners that he readily makes game of what he readily fails to understand. But then it is far easier to be smart than to understand, because smartness is also exhibitionism, and exhibitionism is one way of confessing an inferiority complex. But enough of the pedant; he, or she, is not a scholar.

Nor is a cheap philosophy of life scholarship. The one who has a trite phrase to sum up all additions to knowledge is made of even cheaper stuff than the pedant. Too many of our so-called philosophers, especially in the social sciences, have only the parrot's ability to think in clichés. There is precious little difference between the capitalist who says, "If all the money in the world were divided equally it would all be back in the same hands in five years," and the wild-eyed radical who says, "No man can make a million dollars honestly." Neither represents scholarship or very good sense. Yet much of what passes today as scholarly work is mere verbalism, a belief that two different terminologies for the same process represent two different schools of thought, or more dangerous still, the belief that disputants using the same term

are thinking of the same concept. Witness the confusion caused by the man who thinks of fascism as violent tyrannical government and the man who thinks of it as a consciousness on the part of a ruler that he is right and therefore must rule unhindered by popular majorities; or the one who conceives of democracy as actual equality as compared with the one who considers it as equal opportunity. There are those today who believe that red ink in a national budget is an investment of citizens in government bonds and then there are those who believe it is plain debt.

The scholar, then, must have clear cut, accurate, scientifically established definitions, and he must use the same definition of a term throughout. There is no keener intellectual pleasure than that of working with fellow students whose definitions are not only clear and consistent but are evidences of understanding a subject and not mere quoting of words.

We have agreed that accuracy is a necessary concomitant of scholarship, but alone it is not scholarship. A Canadian guide may know exactly the habits, times of appearance, and vulnerable spots of every living animal in his woods and yet know nothing of the laws of life, the value of balance among living things, or the idea that there is something to do with birds and beasts besides killing them. Let us agree fully that there is no scholarship without accuracy, but accuracy is only the second step after research. Like all advanced steps it is taken by fewer travelers in the path of wisdom, but it is more essential.

Different in character, more elusive in definition, reached by fewer people, is the quality of breadth that enables a scholar who is not only deep and accurate, but also cultured, to know that there were also brave men before Agamemnon, that our special field is only one of many, that the other side of the shield may, after all, be silver, a quality that is summed up in the statement (or is it also a cliché?) "he never England knows who only England knows." This, added to the chastening effects of the scientific method, gives us one of the scholar's outstanding qualities, his humility in the face of the world of knowledge and of law.

What then is scholarship? The youngest justice of our Supreme Court, the Austrian Jew who lectured on English-made law in an American university, said the qualities of a great judge are "his breadth of vision, his imagination, his capacity for disinterested judgment, his power to discover and suppress his prejudices." These in more academic phrases are also the qualities of a scholar.

These were the qualities that Charles R. Lingley had in mind when he wrote of Woodrow Wilson: "...he was accustomed to make up his mind on the basis of his own researches, and to change his judgments without embarrassment when new facts presented themselves."

Scholarship is what Allen Nevins says history is, "a critical study of the whole truth." Critical we all agree today it must be, though some of us see only the negative side of that word "critical." But it must be more, it must be the whole truth. That implies a certain ripeness of judgment on the part of the scholar that comes only after long study, comparison, evaluation, and especially appreciation of the fact that truth must be seen in its own setting, that its adjustment to its time and its day is of its very essence. The fascism of Genghis Khan, of Julius Caesar, of Mussolini, or of Sir Edward Moseley, cannot be lumped together and dismissed with a curt phrase, but neither is that man a scholar who can treat Caesar with such detached technic that neither he nor his reader recalls that there is also what George Seldes calls a "sawdust Cæsar."

Once and for all, it is not scholarly to treat of a past event in geology or geography with no eye on the present. The outcome of past events makes them important,

their resemblances or differnces make them understandable. To treat Colonial Navigation Laws in America with no thought of Open Doors in the present is to fail in the deeper scholarship that sees beyond form into substance. It was Matthew Arnold who saw more in his reading of Sophocles than the iota subscript and the aorist tense and said that the tragedian was great because he could 'see life steadily and see it whole."

Three mental habits largely inhibit ripe scholarship, first the habit of talking and writing in clichés which has been mentioned before, second the habit closely related to the one just mentioned of merely rearranging our fixed ideas, theological, economic, social, or political. The fixed ideas may have come to us originally by processes that were scholarly, but having acquired them, we refuse to discuss them with ourselves later and assume that they are the "faith once committed to the fathers." Is democracy the final form of government or is it open to research? Is the family, or the school, or the economic system frozen in its final perfection? The ripe scholar knows that each has reached its present form by long processes of development. Perchance Cardinal Newman was right when he said, "to be great is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often."

The natural scientists have more nearly escaped from this fatal habit than have those working in the social and psychological sciences. The natural scientist knows that no hypothesis is final truth, he is not only willing but glad to find evidence that destroys this hypothesis and suggests another. He is glad to know more today than he did yesterday. Only the social scientist and the moralist among writers and readers of books boast of knowing today the same that they knew yesterday. It was a Virginia scholar of ripe wisdom who said, "A conclusion marks the place where you got tired and stopped thinking."

But the social scientist is prone to capitalize his hypotheses and blandly say that those who are still struggling for more light in scholarship are using unscientific methods, are teaching subversive doctrines, are in general unscholarly, when in reality it is we who accept present ideas as a finished world that are the unscholarly subjects of the dead hand.

The third and most dangerous habit that stands like a lion in the narrow path that leads to scholarship is the inability to distinguish between a method or a means and the end in view.

Just now, and for the twenty years past, we talk of saving democracy, but is not a democracy merely a means to a just and progressive government, and is not the latter the end we have in view and democracy the means that we fondly hope will bring on that end. I do not think that states rights *per se* was what Thomas Jefferson had in mind. He thought that this was a means to the end of liberty and prosperity for the weaker members of his society. Who knows but that today he would favor the group that would abolish states, centralize government, and collectively do for the unemployed what the states may not be able to do? Much of our loose thinking, on the part of self-called scholars, has come from confusing such concepts as methods and education, suffrage and democracy, prohibition and temperance, memory and knowledge, to say nothing of knowledge and scholarship.

This conception of scholarship, of course, goes far beyond the idea of the greatest scholar being the one who knows most; it suggests that the greatest scholar is the one who knows best.

And thus we come to our ripe scholar who has done deep research, has observed accurately, has read and thought broadly, and who has finally asked himself the question which Thomas Huxley asked at the formal opening of Johns Hopkins University in 1876: "What are you going to do with all these things?"

A man or woman cannot be a ripe scholar until he has recognized great trends of thought in every field of knowledge, has been able to fix the changes of a century or more into those trends, has gone farther and at least faced Henry Adam's great question, "Is it a biological world, a world of infinite development in which all life, all knowledge, all moral conceptions, develop infinitely, or is it a physical world which is slowly running down, with matter continuously dissipated into useless form, with greater knowledge bringing greater disillusionment?" Henry Adams accepted the latter belief and wrote what I would call The Great American Tragedy.

Others find in the world, and if this be sentimentalism, I cry "peccavi," a series of laws in all sciences that seen in clearer light are but one, natural law and fundamental honesty. There is just one universal law, and it is that all things work under unchangeable principles which man can and should and must know. There are no exceptions to the law of gravity, nature plays no favorites; there is no exception to your law of gaseous bodies, the law will play fair with you if you do your part.

The ripe scholar is the one who knows that we live in a world of law, that all attempts to change laws, physical, economic, or moral, must fail, that man has just one task, to find out more accurately the laws which we know but slightly today. Nature in none of her varied forms is going to change her laws for you, but she has put them there for you to use with absolute confidence if you but play your part. And this is the answer to Huxley's great question, "Is the eternal power that rules the universe a friendly power?" Yes, friendly, but rigidly honest.

And again I ask what is scholarship? It is such an intense love for the truth that the scholar goes deep, investigates accurately, reads broadly, and keeps his head in a universe that he is reaching out to know.

JAMES ELLIOTT WALMSLEY

THE TEACHER

GEORGE Herbert Palmer, himself a great teacher, had the power to exalt his profession. In one volume called "The Teacher" he does this on the more general lines of exaltation. In yet another he gives the concrete biography of his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, who at Wellesley College laid a gracious impress upon so many young women. She is extolled in the Chapel there by a marvellous sculpture which represents her as pointing her pupils on to the heights and which conveys a strange sense of merging instructor and scholar into a single mood of hope and idealism—as if the one were giving purpose and the other were giving response.

So the address today is to deal with the Teacher. The theme is not often treated at Commencements, perhaps because it lends itself to high feeling rather than to deep thinking. The products of education seem to hide its producers. The teachers sit in the modest background, and are scarcely aware that they are overlooked. But surely occasionally they should be glorified. We should seek to communicate a portion of the "good things" that we carry in our hearts, as we pass those who have instructed us through several stages that may be roughly described by the nouns—estimation, depreciation, and appreciation.

I.

The importance of the teacher can scarcely be overstated. Fully one-fifth of the average life within the fences of civilization is spent with him. At five or six years of age the child goes into his presence. From then until he is eighteen, or twenty-one, or twenty-four, or twenty-seven, that youth spends more of his conscious hours with the teacher than he spends with his parents. In a way indeed the teacher becomes a substitute for the parent. The school system is still an infant—even though it seems so well fixed into our national life. Prior to its coming the home